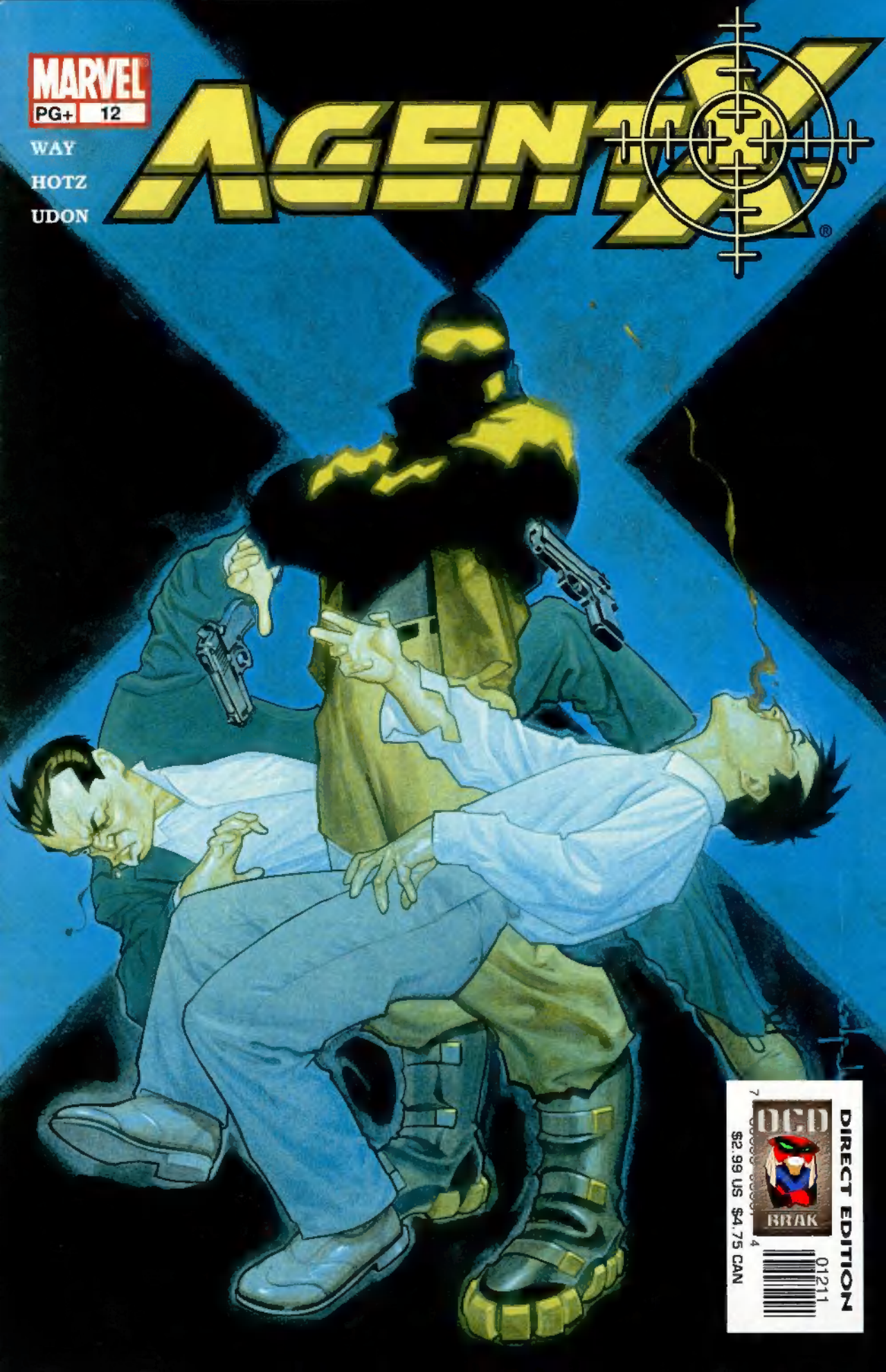

MARVEL
PG+ 12
WAY
HOTZ
UDON
AGENT X
DIRECT EDITION
$2.99 US $4.75 CAN

TO MOST, THE LETTER X STANDS FOR AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. THE UNDERWORLD IS NO EXCEPTION. FOR PEOPLE WITH EVIL INTENT, IT STANDS FOR ALEX HAYDEN, THE HIRED GUN WITH NO PAST AND A BURNING DESIRE TO TAKE HIS POSITION AS THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST AND HIGHEST PAID MERCENARY.

STAN LEE PRESENTS...

AGENT X

"OUT WITH A BANG"

DANIEL WAY
WRITER

KYLE HOTZ
ARTIST

UDON'S ANGELO TSANG
COLORIST

VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S CORY PETIT
LETTERER

BRIAN STELFREEZE
COVER ARTIST

ANDY SCHMIDT
ASSISTANT EDITOR

ANDREW LIS & MARC SUMERAK
EDITORS

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

PREVIOUSLY

ALEX HAYDEN'S INCOHERENT RAMBLING DU JOUR

So, I'm thinking of throwing in the towel on this whole AGENCY X thing.

I mean, sure, it was a good idea when it started--don't get me wrong! A group of the world's highest caliber mercenaries, willing to take any job for the right price? Pure genius if you ask me! But have you tried to run a squad of killers-for-hire when half your staff quits in the first week? Let's just say it isn't great for morale or for business.

Now, with Outlaw out of the picture for good and Taskmaster only hanging around when it's convenient for him, I've gotta think that the Agency just isn't gonna fly. There are only two of us left on staff: me and Sandi--and although I love her to death, she just isn't ready to hit the field on her own yet (as I recently witnessed).

So that's it, right? Close the doors, sell the super-cool amusement park headquarters and move on with the merc-life solo-style! That's what all of the voices in my head are telling me. But some glutton-for-punishment part of me just isn't ready to let go of my dreams so easily...no matter how fever-induced those dreams may be!

You'd think that a guy with the super-human ability to rapidly heal from any wound would be able to patch up a bruised ego a bit better, eh?

Ah, well...

AGENT X Vol. 1 No. 12 August 2003. Published monthly except semi-monthly in October by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 East 40th Street, New York, NY 10016. APPLICATION TO MAIL PERIODICAL POSTAGE RATES IS PENDING AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.

© 2003 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.75 in Canada (GST #R127032852). Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. $27.00, Canada $37.00, Foreign $39.00. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO AGENT X, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 32, NEWBURGH, NY 12551. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (845) 565-7020. subscriptions@marvel.com. ALLEN LIPSON, Chief Executive Officer and General Counsel; AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; GUI KARYO, Chief Information Officer; DAVID BOGART, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Russell Brown, Executive Vice President, Consumer Products, Promotions and Media Sales at rbrown@marvel.com or 212-576-8561.

I'll be the first to admit it...sometimes, I don't make very good decisions.
For example...
RUNNING!
BEEP
Agency X...?
Hey, Alex! It's Sandi. We get anything yet?
Things to Do:
Uhh...

I see. Look, I'm not comin' in today--I've got some things to do. Don't forget to water the plants, okay?
Uhh... sure...
Hey-- these things you've gotta do today...would one of them be "looking for another job" by any chance?
No... why do you ask?
GRRNNN
BLOOP BLOOP
Uhh...so you can have some money to pay your bills...?
Look-- don't worry about it, okay? And if all else fails, we've still got a few hundred dollars in the super-secret cash fund, right?
CLICK
Uhhh...yeah. Look, I gotta go, bye!
Wait! I forgot to tell you I didn't pay the--!
BEEP
And tonight's winning lottery numbers are...
Aw, maaan...
Could this possibly get any worse?

BWOOOMM!
STAN LEE PRESENTS:
OUT WITH A BANG!

WHUMP

Unghhh....
Who--?

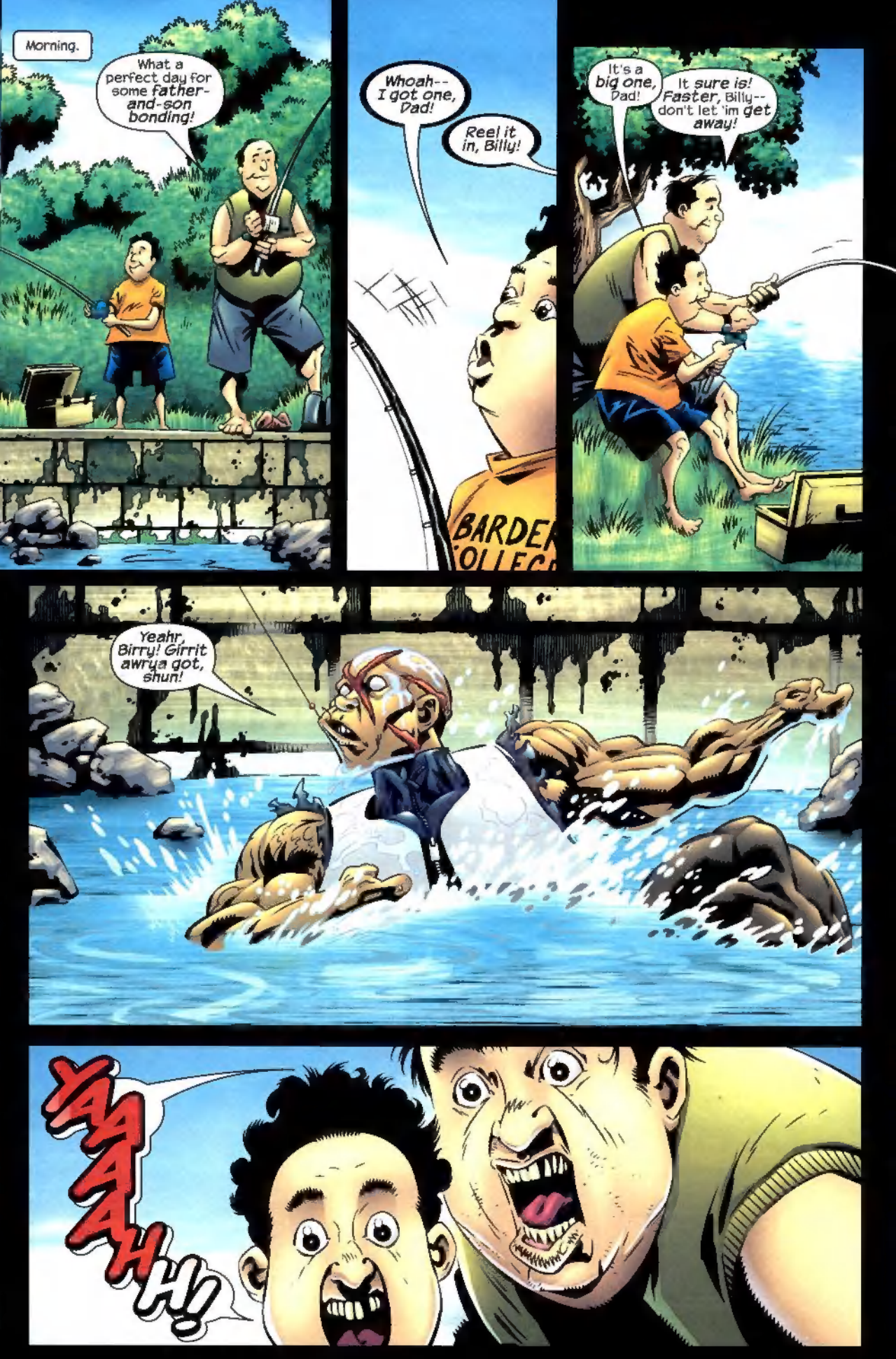
My name is Murder.
That's all you need to know.

Man, you have no idea how long I've waited to say that!
And how cool is this business card, huh?
Mr. Murder
Custom Catering

Oh, no.
I've been killed by a nerd.
Hrk!

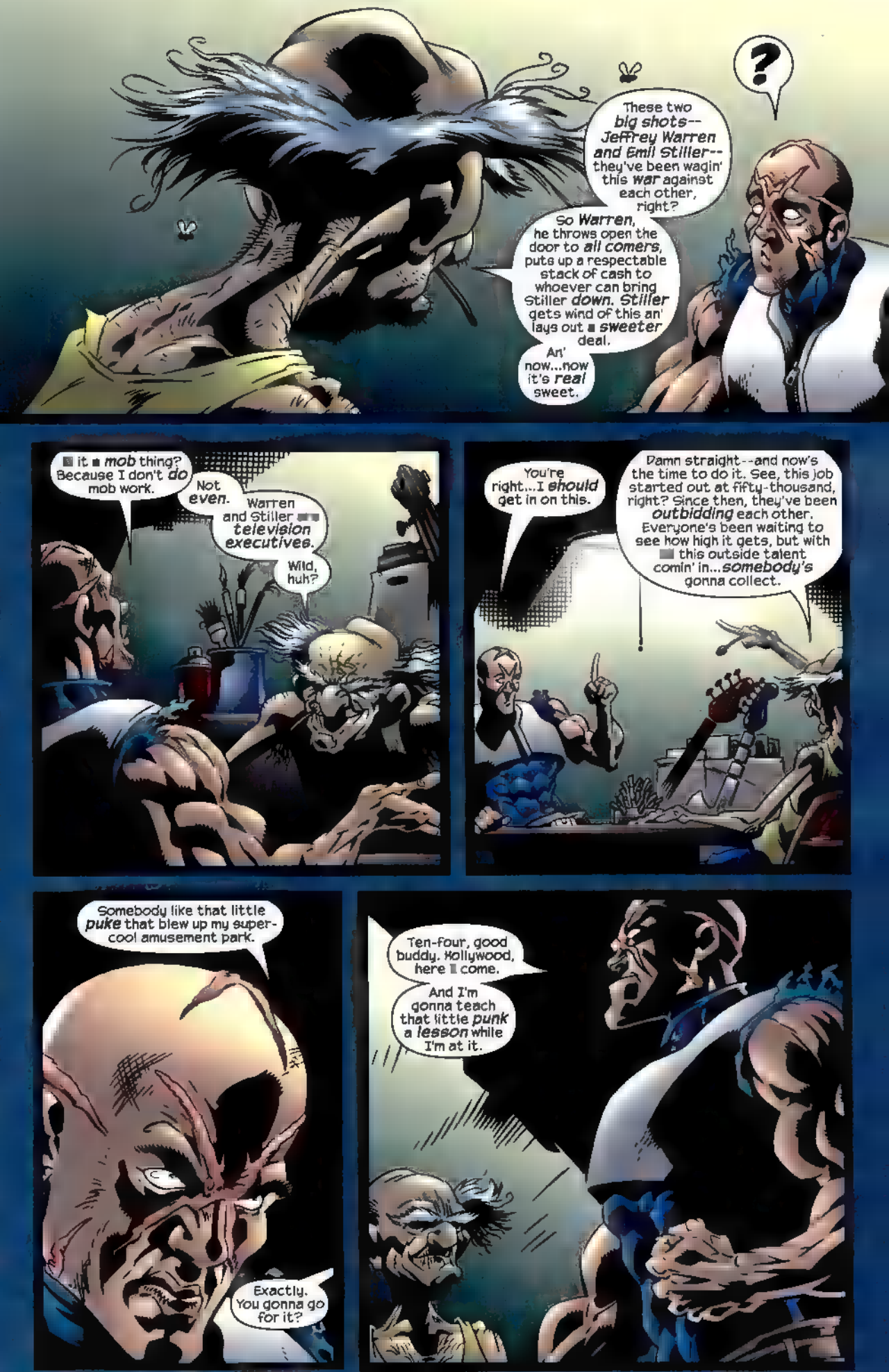
At first I thought this was an *ambulance*...
Then I smelled the *two-cycle oil*.
RRRRR
RRRRRR
Wow... wasn't *that* gross! Clean-up in aisle four, right?
I'm sure I've...used that one...before...
Probably. You're a tough act to follow, man--I gotta *hand* it to you.
That was a joke.
Ha...ha. Thanks for... *pointing it out*...
Oh, man...we are totally *great* together! Too bad we couldn't team up...but hey, maybe next time, right?
And I hope you don't have any hard feelings about this whole thing--I mean, I'm sure you understand. With this much *money* at stake, you gotta take every advantage you *can*, right?
What're you...talkin' about?
You mean... you don't *know*?

Oh, I get it...you're trying to trick me--keep me talking while you regenerate a limb and kill me in some horrendous fashion, right?
Nice try, but I know all about you and your little "my body regenerates itself" schtick.
I've done my homework--I know everything there is to know about you.
I know I can't kill you, but I figure I can take you out of the picture for a few days so I can...well, you know.
Hey--this reminds me of a joke: What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs floating in the river?
"Bob". Everybody... knows that one.
Oh, yeah, Mister smarty-pants? You wanna step on my cool one-liners?
Well, I bet "everybody" doesn't know where that cute little girlfriend of yours Sandi lives, now do they?
I do, though.
But did I blow her up with you? No! I did the classy thing and waited until you were alone before I detonated that crappy amusement park that you call an office!
See? That's what's called "professional courtesy"!
Call it whatever you want, nerd--you just signed your own toe-tag.
Nobody threatens Sandi.


Morning.
What a perfect day for some father-and-son bonding!
Whoah-- I got one, Dad!
Reel it in, Billy!
It's a big one, Dad!
It sure is! Faster, Billy-- don't let 'im get away!
Yeahr, Birry! Girrit awrya got, shun!
YAAAAHH!

Here's a joke for you: What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs trying to hitch a ride?
Screwed.
Aw, c'mon! Grow a freakin' thumb already!
Hey, feller... need a ride?
Yeah...I don't know if I can get into the truck by myself. Could you, uh, gimme a hand, so to speak?
Sure, I'll put ya in the back.
County Fair's comin' up--I could sure use the practice...
1991 DWARF TOSSING CHAMPION

One justified killing later...
EMMA BOOKS
CHICKY'S PAW SHO
So... what can I do for ya, Alex?
Chicky ■ a shady piece of work who runs a one-stop crime shop in the worst part of town. Whatever you want to buy, Chicky's probably got it.
He's also very well-informed.
Some junior hitman blew up my office and dumped ■ in the East River. I want to know why.
A new guy, huh? My guess is he's tryin' to thin out the competition. Probably came in to cash in on the Warren-Stiller thing.
What Warren-Stiller thing?
You don't know? Oh, man... you should get ■ on this. It's freakin' huge.
What do you mean, "huge"?
I mean, like, a million an' a half freakin' dollars huge.


?
These two big shots-- Jeffrey Warren and Emil Stiller-- they've been wagin' this war against each other, right?
So Warren, he throws open the door to all comers, puts up a respectable stack of cash to whoever can bring Stiller down. Stiller gets wind of this an' lays out a sweeter deal.
An' now...now it's real sweet.
it a mob thing? Because I don't do mob work.
Not even.
Warren and Stiller television executives.
Wild, huh?
You're right...I should get in on this.
Damn straight--and now's the time to do it. See, this job started out at fifty-thousand, right? Since then, they've been outbidding each other. Everyone's been waiting to see how high it gets, but with this outside talent comin' in...somebody's gonna collect.
Somebody like that little puke that blew up my super-cool amusement park.
Exactly. You gonna go for it?
Ten-four, good buddy. Hollywood, here I come.
And I'm gonna teach that little punk a lesson while I'm at it.

Hey... weren't you taller the last time you were in here?
Last time I was in here, I had feet.
You need some feet? Check this out...
I get drunken vets in here all the time pawnin' these things--might be able to find a matched pair for ya...
Uhh... don't worry about it, Chicky.
Wow, this thing weighs a ton...
Yeah, that's one of the old ones. The [redacted] ones are a lot better, a lot lighter. They're hollow, see?
You don't say...
Let me see that thing.
Hey--you wouldn't happen to have a hack-saw, would you?

Sure...you need anything else--like some of the *good stuff*? I got a good price on *plastic explosive* this week...

50% OFF
Nah...I've got some stashed. Thanks for asking, though.
You said these two guys were *outbidding* each other...who's got the highest bid *right now*?

Stiller must be a lot better at *embezzling* than the other guy, 'cause *he's* the one putting up a *mil-five*. I think *Warren* is still only offering a million.
"*Only a million*". Yeah.
So, word on the street is that *Stiller's* the guy to work for, huh?

Yup.
You sure you don't need anything? I got a line on an *anti-aircraft missile* you might like...

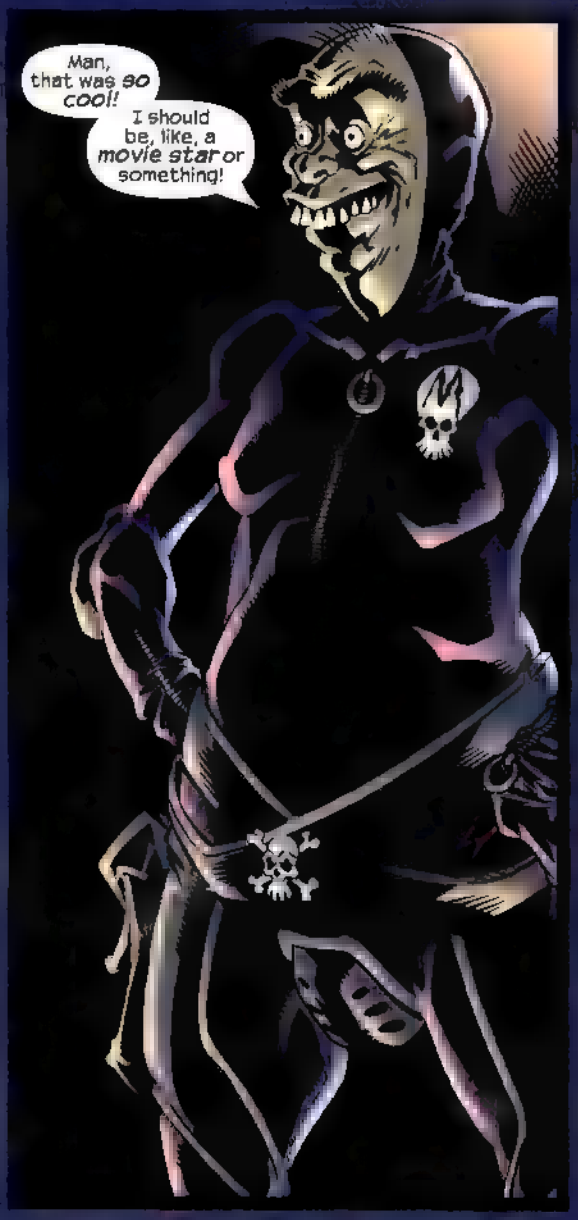
Sounds like fun, Chicky, but it doesn't really fit the bill. Maybe *next* time.
There is something I *do* need, though...

What... *that*?

Just like good comedy, murder- for-hire is all about *timing.*
He's unarmed, sir.
Thank you, Butch.
So...I understand you're looking for work. What kind of work did you have in mind?
I guess you could say...*the dirty kind.*
I understand. Are you any *good* at this kind of work?
Oh, yeah. I'm the *best.*
I see. Now... why should I take you *seriously?*
I mean, for all I know, you're just some *clown off the street.*
Good point.

KNOCK
KNOCK
KLOOM!!

Who--?
My name is Murder.
That's all you need to know.
BLAM!


Man, that was so cool!
I should be, like, a movie star or something!

Huh?

A clown with a prosthetic leg?

00:02
That's not funny...

Nobody...
...threatens...
...Sandi.

BWOOMM!

Several days and much healing later...
EMIL STILLER PRESIDENT
Do you know what's in that suitcase?
Uhh...the million-and-a-half dollars you promised me for whacking Jeffery Warren?
Amusing... but wrong.
That suitcase actually contains some very expensive suits and some leisure-wear.
My expensive suits and leisure-wear.
You're... stiffing me?
In a word, yes.
I'm going to be traveling to a remote Mediterranean island, where I will remain until the dust settles from the fallout caused by the unfortunate death of my former competitor.
You, on the other hand, will be traveling to New Jersey with these two gentlemen.
This sucks!
Oh, please--I work in television. Did you honestly think I wouldn't screw you over?
You would have been better off working for the mob.

DING!
PUNCH!
GOUGE!
GORE!
SPLATTER!
PAIN!
DING!
It's unlocked.

KSSHH!
AAAAAAA
Nice panties, by the way!

I started a business with the only friends I have in the world. A very dangerous business.
I can get shot, stabbed, blown up... I can even be completely dissected and I'll survive. I'm like some kind of... made-up cartoon character.
But that's not what my friends are. They're real.
And they deserve better.
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
This is Sandi... leave a message ÷Beeep÷
CLICK!
I'll be the first to admit it... sometimes, I don't make very good decisions.

But then again, sometimes I do.
CLOSED FOR BUSINESS
NICKI
NOT THE END
AGENT X RETURNS IN AUGUST, AND HE'S BRINGING SOME FRIENDS:
GAIL SIMONE, UDON AND... DEADPOOL?!?
BE HERE FOR THE COMEBACK OF THE CENTURY!